

That quaint in Greene, she shall be loose en-roab'd,
With Ribonds-pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the Doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
The maid hath giuen consent to go with him.

Hof. Which meanes she to deceiue? Father, or Mother.

Fen. Both (my good Hof) to go along with me:
And heere it rests, that you'll procure the Vicar
To stay for me at Church, twixt twelue, and one,
And in the lawfull name of marrying,
To giue our hearts vnited ceremony.

Hof. Well, husband your deuice; Ile to the Vicar,
Bring you the Maid, you shall not lacke a Priest.

Fen. So shall I euenmore be bound to thee;
Besides, Ile make a present recompence. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Falstaffe, Quickly, and Ford.

Fal. Pre'thee no more prating: go, Ile hold, this is
the third time: I hope good lucke lies in odde numbers:
Away, go, they say there is Diuinity in odde Numbers,
either in natiuity, chance, or death: away.

Qui. Ile prouide you a chaine, and Ile do what I can
to get you a paire of hornes.

Fal. Away I say, time weares, hold vp your head &
mince. How now M. Broome? Master Broome, the mat-
ter will be knowne to night, or neuer. Bee you in the
Parke about midnight, at Hernes-Oake, and you shall
see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday (Sir) as you told
me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her (Master Broome) as you see, like a
poore-old-man, but I came from her (Master Broome)
like a poore-old-woman; that same knaue (Ford his hus-
band) hath the finest mad diuell of ieaalousie in him (Ma-
ster Broome) that euer gouern'd Frensie. I will tell you,
he beate me greuously, in the shape of a woman; (for in
the shape of Man (Master Broome) I feare) not Goliath
with a Weauers beame, because I know also, life is a
Shuttle) I am in hast, go along with mee, Ile tell you all
(Master Broome:) since I pluckt Geefe, plaide Trewant,
and whipt Top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, till
lately. Follow mee, Ile tell you strange things of this
knaue Ford, on whom to night I will be reuenged, and I
will deliuer his wife into your hand. Follow, strange
things in hand (M. Broome) follow. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender.

Page. Come, come: wee'll couch i'th Castle-ditch,
till we see the light of our Fairies. Remember son Slen-
der, my

Slen. I forsooth, I haue spoke with her, & we haue
a nay-word, how to know one another. I come to her
in white, and cry Mum; she cries Budget, and by that

we know one another.

Shal. That's good too: But what needes either your
Mum, or her Budget? The white will decipher her well
enough. It hath strooke ten a'clocke.

Page. The night is darke, Light and Spirits will be-
come it wel: Heauen prosper our sport. No man means
the euill but the deuill, and we shall know him by his hornes.
Lets away: follow me. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Mist. Page, Mist. Ford, Caius.

Mist. Page. M^r Doctor, my daughter is in green, when
you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her
to the Deanerie, and dispatch it quickly: go before into
the Parke: we two must go together.

Cai. I know vat I haue to do, adieu.

Mist. Page. Fare you well (Sir): my husband will not
reioyce so much at the abuse of Falstaffe, as he will chafe
at the Doctors marrying my daughter: But 'tis no mat-
ter; better a little chiding, then a great deale of heart-
break.

Mist. Ford. Where is Nan now? and her troop of Fai-
ries? and the Welch-deuill Herne?

Mist. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Hernes
Oake, with obscur'd Lights; which at the very instant
of Falstaffer and our meeting, they will at once display to
the night.

Mist. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mist. Page. If he be not amaz'd he will be mock'd: If
he be amaz'd, he will euery way be mock'd.

Mist. Ford. Wee'll betray him finely.

Mist. Page. Against such Lewdsters, and their lechery,
Those that betray them, do no treachery.

Mist. Ford. The houre drawes-on: to the Oake, to the
Oake. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Euans and Fairies.

Euans. Trib, trib Fairies: Come, and remember your
parts: be pold (I pray you) follow me into the pit, and
when I giue the watch-words, do as I bid you: Come,
come, trib, trib. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

*Enter Falstaffe, Mist. Page, Mist. Ford, Euans,
Anne Page, Fairies, Page, Ford, Quickly,
Slender, Fenton, Caius, Pistoll.*

Fal. The Windsor-bell hath stroke twelue: the Mi-
nute drawes-on: Now the hot-bloodied-Gods assist me:
Remember Ioue, thou wast a Bull for thy Europa, Ioue
set on thy hornes. O powerfull Ioue, that in some re-
spects makes a Beast a Man: in some other, a Man a beast.
You were also (Iupiter) a Swan, for the loue of Leda: O
omnipotent

omnipotent Ioue, how nere the God drew to the com-
plexion of a Goose: a fault done first in the forme of a
beast, (O Ioue, a beastly fault:) and then another fault,
in the semblance of a Fowle, thinke on't (Ioue) a fowle-
fault. When Gods haue hot backs, what shall poore
men do? For me, I am heere a Windfor Stagge, and the
fastest (I thinke) i'th Forrest. Send me a coole rut-time
(Ioue) or who can blame me to pisse my Tallow? Who
comes heere: my Doe?

M. Ford. Sir Iohn: Art thou there (my Deere?)
My male-Deere?

Fal. My Doe, with the blacke Scut? Let the skie
raine Potatoes: let it thunder, to the tune of Greene-
sleeues, haile-kissing Comfits, and snow Eringoes: Let
there come a tempest of prouocation, I will shelter mee
heere.

M. Ford. Mist. Page is come with me (sweet hart.)

Fal. Diuide me like a brib'd-Bucke, each a Haunch:
I will keepe my sides to my selfe, my shoulders for the
fellow of this walke; and my hornes I bequeath your
husbands. Am I a Woodman, ha? Speake I like Herne
the Hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience,
he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome.

M. Page. Alas, what noife?

M. Ford. Heauen forgive our finnes.

Fal. What should this be?

M. Ford. M. Page. Away, away.

Fal. I thinke the diuell will not haue me damn'd,
Least the oyle that's in me should set hell on fire;
He would neuer else crosse me thus.

Enter Fairies.

Qui. Fairies blacke, gray, Greene, and white,
You Moone-shine reuelers, and shades of night.

You Orphan heires of fixed destiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.
Crier Hob-goblyn, make the Fairy Oyes.

Pist. Elues, lift your names: Silence you aiery toyes.
Cricket, to Windfor-chimnies shalt thou leape;
Where fires thou find'st vnrak'd, and hearths vnswep't,
There pinch the Maids as blew as Bill-berry,
Our radiant Queene, hates Sluts, and Sluttery.

Fal. They are Fairies, he that speaks to them shall die,
Ile winke, and couch: No man their workes must eie.

Eu. Wher's Bede? Go you, and where you find a maid
That ere she sleepe has thrice her prayers said,
Raife vp the Organs of her fantasie,
Sleepe she as sound as carelesse infancie,
But those as sleepe, and thinke not on their sins,
Pinch them armes, legs, backes, shoulders, sides, & shins.

Qui. About, about:
Search Windfor Castle (Elues) within, and out.
Strew good lucke (Ouphes) on euery sacred roome,
That it may stand till the perpetuall doome,
In state as wholsome, as in state 'tis fir,
Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it.

The feuerall Chaires of Order, looke you scowre
With iuyce of Balme; and euery precious flowre,
Each faire Instalmant, Coate, and seu'rall Crest,
With loyall Blazon, euermore be blest.

And Nightly-meadow-Fairies, looke you sing
Like to the Garters-Compasse, in a ring,
Th'expressure that it beares: Greene let it be,
Mote fertile-fresh then all the field to see:
And, *Hony Soit Qui Mal-y-Pence*, write
In Emrold-tuffes, Flowres purple, blew, and white,
Like Saphire-pearle, and rich embroiderie,

Buckled below faire Knight-hoods bending knee;
Fairies vse Flowres for their characterie,
Away, disperse: But till 'tis one a clocke,
Our Dance of Custome, round about the Oke
Of Herne the Hunter, let vs not forget. *(set:*

Euans. Pray you lock hand in hand: your selues in order
And twenty glow-wormes shall our Lanthornes bee
To guide our Measure round about the Tree.
But stay, I smell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heauens defend me from that Welsh Fairy,
Least he transforme me to a peece of Cheese.

Pist. Wilde worme, thou wast ore-look'd euen in thy
birth.

Qui. With Triall-fire touch me his finger end:
If he be chaste, the flame will backe descend
And turne him to no paine: but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted hart.

Pist. A triall, come.

Euans. Come: will this wood take fire?

Fal. Oh, oh, oh.

Qui. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire.
About him (Fairies) sing a scornfull rime,
And as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

The Song.

Fie on sinnefull phantase: Fie on Lust, and Luxurie:
Lust is but a bloody fire, kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart whose flames asure,
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.
Pinch him (Fairies) mutually: Pinch him for his villanie.
Pinch him, and burne him, and turne him about,
Till Candles, & Star-light, & Moone-shine be out.

Page. Nay do not flye, I thinke we haue watcht you
now: VVill none but Herne the Hunter serue your
turne?

M. Page. I pray you come, hold vp the iest no higher.
Now (good Sir Iohn) how like you Windfor wines?
See you these husband? Do not these faire yoakes
Become the Forrest better then the Towne?

Ford. Now Sir, whose a Cuckold now?
M^r Broome, Falstaffer a Knaue, a Cuckoldly knaue,
Heere are his hornes Master Broome:
And Master Broome, he hath enioyed nothing of Fords,
but his Buck-basket, his cudgell, and twenty pounds of
money, which must be paid to M^r Broome, his hornes are
arrested for it, M^r Broome.

M. Ford. Sir Iohn, we haue had ill lucke: wee could
neuer meete: I will neuer take you for my Loue againe,
but I will alwayes count you my Deere.

Fal. I do begin to perceiue that I am made an Affe.

Ford. I, and an Oxe too: both the proofes are ex-
tant.

Fal. And these are not Fairies:
I was three or foure times in the thought they were not
Fairies, and yet the guiltinesse of my minde, the sodaine
surprize of my powers, droue the grossenesse of the fop-
perry into a receiue'd beleefe, in despight of the teeth of
all rime and reason, that they were Fairies. See now
how wit may be made a Iacke-a-Lent, when 'tis vpon ill
employment.

Euans. Sir Iohn Falstaffe, serue Got, and leaue your
desires, and Fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. VVell said Fairy Hugh.

Euans. And leaue you your ieaouzies too, I pray
you. *Ford.*